Yankee Doings

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS' ASSOCIATION

Vol. V Boston, Mass. May, 1924 No. 5

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This gives one an opportunity to keep before the YD public at a very low rate. Do not wait to be solicited; just send in your line or two lines and note that fifty-eight spaces on your typewriter make a line for this column.

YANKEE DOINGS

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Copy for DOINGS must be in on the First

SPEEDY RECOGNITION

(The following is from a War Department order of a few weeks ago. Don't get impatient; give them twenty-five more years, and this lad will get what's coming to him from the World War.)

Citation for gallantry in action(Silver Star).

CLARENCE R. EDWARDS, Major General, United States Army, retired, then Major, Assistant Adjutant General, U. S. Volunteers. For gallantry in action against Insurgent forces at Santa Cruz, Luzon, Philippine Islands, April 10, 1899.

For gallantry in action against Insurgent forces at San Rafael, Luzon, Philippine Islands, May 1, 1899.

For gallantry in action against Insurgent forces near Guadalupe Ridge, Luzon, Philippine Islands, June 10, 1899.

SALVAGED

An identification tag and wrist chain, lost by General Charles H. Cole in the St. Mihiel advance, has been found by members of the graves registration service, and recently returned to the General. Maybe that explains it; the voters of Massachusetts didn't seem to have much difficulty identifying him in the recent primaries.

TANDY TAKES COMMAND

THE BEST news of the month is that of the promotion of Col. Elon F. Tandy to the office of Manager of District No. 1 of the Veterans' Bureau. He succeeds Dr. E. O. Crossman, who has been made medical director of the Bureau, with headquarters in Washington. Having guided the YD Club of Boston to success, and having brought into the world YANKEE DOINGS, we figure that the handsome Colonel can do anything. So DOINGS hastens to congratulate its Daddy.

VERY LIGHT VERSE

By Fuller P. Nard

Jumpin' gee! 'Twas rich to see
The boosters of the old YD
Get on the air, and shoot a flare
From Station WNAC.

A comrade toast was uppermost
To all the scattered YD host;
A greeting word to every bird
Who listened in, from coast to coast.

Most every bo who answered "Hyoo"
At roll-call, six short years ago,
Tuned in that night, in memory's flight,
From Beantown clear to Kokomo.

To star, to sub, to shark, to dub,
In radio range of this here Hub;
To each YD, old Fuller P.
Joined in the greeting of the Club.

Your bottle-scarred and jazzy bard
Now begs to send a "thank you" card
To Iva Thoist, who spotted foist
A long-lost brother, Prom A. Nard.

—FULLER

OUR VACATION

WE DOUBT if any member of the YD has gone longer without a vacation than has YANKEE DOINGS. The editorial staff threatened to take one last summer, while most readers were on theirs, news scarce and advertising dull. We doubt if we can bluff them out of a well-earned lay-off this year. So it looks as though the June and August issues will be cut out, provided too great a storm of protest doesn't come from the customers as a result of this advance tip.

GREAT PRIZE CONTEST

1st Prize! A free copy of YANKEE DOINGS, autographed by President George Washington Twombly.

2d Prize! A complimentary ticket to the next smoker.

3d Prize! A photograph of the fingerprints of Fuller P. Nard, taken the day he was sentenced for life (contributed by his brother, Prom A. Nard).

All of which are offered to readers of DOINGS sending in a true story of the funniest thing they saw happen, or the most comical thing they heard, while across.

Judges: The Editor, *ex-officio;* Jimmie Lynch and George Elliott.

Just to start the ball rolling, here's one that went the rounds in our outfit. It may be new to some.

Rookie replacement from the tall timbers going into trenches at Apremont for the first time. Very flare appears and hovers just over the crest of a distant hill. Rookie gazes at it solemnly and wide-eyed. Finally curiosity overcomes him, and turning to nearest companion, he inquires, "What be that anyhow? It's too durn high fer a larntern!"

BETWEEN OURSELVES

A citizen of a certain small town once sought election. He made but one campaign speech. It was brief, but significant. The group in power had rested their case, relying on their record. This statesman arose impressively. "Fellow citizens," he said, smiting the table three tremendous blows, "I'm agin everything." He was elected.

* * * *

A Boston paper recently tried an interesting experiment. It sought the views of its readers on which of its features they liked, and why. The next day the only hammers not in use were those in the church bells. But the experiment succeeded. The result might have been guessed. Each feature had a few boosters. Each one was poison to someone.

DOINGS is going to try the same stunt. What do you like? Or rather, what do you think ought to have the skids put under it? The YD never became famous for keeping its opinions to itself. Shoot. By special request the next selection will be the Anvil Chorus.

* * * *

Fella drifted in the other night. Quoth he "DOIN'S 's been pretty good lately."

"Yeh?" We were trying to amputate the stutter from Dick Barlow's typewriter.

"I always read it from cover to cover."

"From Palmstrom to Hathaway, honest?"

"Well, all but them Engineer Earfuls, Bustings of B, Flapdoodles of F, and that stuff. I never read that."

'Nother lad sez, "That Cozzens stuff is great; hope there's a lot more of it."

Ten minutes later comes another dose of constructive criticism, "Pretty good DOINGS last month; all except that Cozzens bunk. Gee, that was l—" (you know, infested). "What do you print such a line for?"

* * * *

So it goes. "That correspondence about the beans was disgraceful." "Them bean letters was the best thing y' ever had." "Why don't you put in more outfit news?" "Why don't you cut down on outfit news?" "Fuller P. Nard's a genius." "Fuller P. Nard's a bum."

Yes, gentlemen, we aim to please. Name your poison.

* * * *

Would you like more serious stuff? Reminiscences of days in France? Personal incidents that perhaps only a few ever heard of? Or less serious stuff, syncopated verse, etc.? Does outfit news take up too much space? Do you care most for what the fellows are doing at present? Or for stories of the stunts we use to pull in the grand old days gone by? Or both? Or neither?

* * * *

One reader is strong for "Palmstrom's illustrated pictures." Another wails, "Where is Rufus Leeks?" Still a third, "Why don't you have some jokes? Those jokes were the best things you ever had." Gosh we, must be punk!

Even if "Between Ourselves" gives you an earache, let's know it. * * * *

After all, it's your paper.

* * * *

Sound off.

SAY, REMEMBER THE TIME—?

This is the first of a series of twelve thumbnail sketches, one to be printed each month, recalling typical scenes and experiences we had together, in "them days that are gone forever."

They are taken from the diary of one of us.

I. AU REVOIR OR ADIEU?

"A Tale of Two Cities"

HOBOKEN. After dark some of us stood in the stern and watched the million twinkling lights of the city. If we had but known the many, many nights of darkness ahead, —the fear-inspiring, midnight cry. "All lights out, plane overhead!" to the thrum of the deep-throated motors—, the long months before we were to see a city ablaze with lights again. But that night's sleep was our first concern, and soon each sheltered corner of the deck had its group of blanketed slumberers.

HALIFAX. At 4.30 our ship began to move. We knew our destination to be Liverpool. The trip down the harbor was a continual ovation, whistles screeching and bands playing the national anthem. As we steamed slowly out into the open sea, the ten great transports falling behind each other in single file, leaving the green shore fading behind, with a vivid sunset and the evening star in the west, and the full moon just rising out of the gray waters in the east, it seemed as if Nature herself felt as we did, and painted her canvas in great, sweeping strokes, keyed to the solemn note in our hearts, as we set forth toward the Great Adventure.

CONGRATULATIONS

SAMUEL J. ZUSMANN (Batt. C, 101st F. A.) and Miss Anne Rubinson, of Medway, were married May 24, at the Buckminster Hotel. They will live in Winthrop.

WALTER HAROLD PAGE (Engineers' Band) and Miss Ethel May Newton of Brookline, were married on Saturday, March 29.

On March 5, a son, Hobart Hannon, put in his appearance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. HANNON, Charlotte, N. C. His weight was 10½ pounds (not kilos).

On March 31, a daughter, Betty Elaine, weight 8½ lbs., was born to Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES H. BROWNLON.

Dr. and Mrs. PAUL R. NEWCOMB, 636 Merchant St., Ambridge, Pa., were presented on April 2 with a son, Paul R., Jr.

ALBERT ROSSING and Miss Beatrice Lamoy, who were married at Tupper Lake, N. Y., December 22, 1920, now have two little buddies for the "Sons of Veterans of the YD." Robert Thomas was born on November 22, 1921, and Albert Edward announced his arrival on November 9, 1923.

Everything is fine and rosy up in Montpelier, especially since the coming on March 27 of Edward Bernard to brighten the home of Mr. and Mrs. RICHARD W. JEROME.

Col. and Mrs. PORTER B. CHASE are rejoicing over the arrival of twin daughters, the first of April.

Over the Ozone

(Radio address by Col. William J. Keville, President of the YD Club of Boston, YD night, April 23, 1924, from Station WNAC, The Shepard Stores, Boston.)

To men of the Yankee Division, April is a month of stirring memories. It marks the anniversaries of the Division's first battles, those of Apremont and Seicheprey which were, as well, the first battles (and the first victories) of the American Expeditionary Forces.

April is also the anniversary of another momentous YD event, one which will remain vivid even after many scenes of the battlefield are forgotten. Five years ago this month we returned from the war to our homes and our loved ones. We had gone forth as representatives of the people of New England, our neighbors and our kin. The demonstration of affection which greeted our home-coming reassured us that we had performed our mission in France to their satisfaction. But the good people of New England did not rest with mere applause. In the fullness of their great patriotic hearts they tendered us as a good-will offering that which above all else we most desired. They provided for us a permanent Yankee Division home,—a building which would be at the same time an imposing memorial to those of our Division who did not return, a convenient and pleasant rendezvous for the living, and a shrine for our priceless relics and records.

This institution, the counterpart of which is to be found nowhere in all the world, is located at 200 Huntington Avenue, Boston. It houses the national headquarters of the Yankee Division Veterans Association, and is the home of the Boston chapter of the association, the YD Club of Boston. It is a memorial in the truest sense—a living memorial, such as we believe would be the choice of those whose sacrifice it commemorates.

It is truly a pleasure, in this anniversary season, to broadcast the greetings of the YD Club of Boston to our comrades throughout the land and to the thousands of friends of the Yankee Division whose generosity and devotion have made possible our magnificent memorial. It is a pleasure to render to the people of New England a report of the excellent work being done by the Club in carrying out the purposes for which it was established.

As a social center for local and for visiting members, the Club's activities are steadily on the increase. Yet this is only one phase of the Club's work. Under its roof are being assembled and preserved the trophies and mementos of the war service of the Yankee Division, rendering the Club more and more a historical museum and a mecca of former Yankee Division men from all parts of the globe. The Club is, moreover, a headquarters and a willing source of information and assistance at the disposal of our comrades everywhere. As a matter of fact, a considerable majority of our members live in the non-resident areas. Last month's mail contained letters from thirty-eight states of the Union. We have members in the Philippines, in Greece, in China, and one in the U. S. Consular service at Jerusalem. Constant touch with these is maintained by the monthly publication of the association, YANKEE DOINGS.

Only last month, as one example, information was received that a comrade in Wisconsin, who had come to the Division during the War as a replacement, was in distress, and lacking certain affidavits, was unable to obtain just relief. The Club, happily, was in a position to have the required papers executed,—one by a member in Connecticut, another by a member in Arizona,—and was thus able to assist the government in ministering to a worthy victim of the War's ravages. And while touching on welfare work, too high praise cannot be given the Yankee Division Auxiliary,—that devoted band of tireless workers, the mothers, wives and sisters of the YD members. Their interest did not wane when service flags were folded away. Instead, they began a humane work which men, however willing, cannot perform. To those suffering in the hospitals, and to the distressed in their homes, these loyal and noble women are indeed angels of mercy.

I am proud, on behalf of the YD Club of Boston, to tender its greeting, its gratitude and good-will to the friends of the Yankee Division everywhere. And to our comrades everywhere, some of whom may not yet have enrolled in the Association, I extend this cordial greeting and welcome. Over the entrance to the YD Club of Boston you will find the motto proposed by our beloved commander, General Clarence R. Edwards, "All ye who enter here leave rank behind." We are in competition with no other organization. We are engaged in a beneficial work for our comrades which we only can do. And we feel that every one of us who wore the "YD" is under a certain obligation to maintain, by his membership and co-operation, the splendid memorial which has been entrusted to our care by the people of New England; a memorial to their lost heroic sons, to our departed buddies.

A. P. O. 709

HOLMES C. WILLIAMS, New Dillon House, Milo, Me., would like to hear from some of the boys of the 101st Field Artillery Supply Co., or the 101st Field Artillery crowd.

Fifty veterans, now confined in different hospitals in and around Boston, were entertained by the Boston YD Club on April 23d. After taking in the opening game at Braves Field as guests of the National Baseball League, they were brought to the Club where they were served with a light lunch.

THOMAS J. BYRNE (Hq. Troop) now lives in New York, but visited the Boston Club April 28th, the night that the Metropolitan Chapter of the YDVA were having their banquet in the big city. (This will serve as a check-up for the Secretary of that organization).

ALFRED R. SMITH (Batt. D, 101st F. A.) is now Vice-Commander of Legion Post 32 at Marblehead, Mass.

D. KARL R. BAILEY, of the Medical Corps, has just been appointed Deputy Health Commissioner for the City of Boston. He is at present a major in the Medical Corps,

Mass. National Guard, and regimental surgeon of the 102d Field Artillery.

PERRY E. DYE (E Co., 102d Inf.) would appreciate a line from some of his former buddies. His address is 115½ N. Wall St., Spokane, Washington.

H. H. CREGAN, assistant cashier of the First State Bank, Decatur, Mich., wonders who can tell him about the Co. C 104th Infantry mascot, which must be a good-sized animal by this time. Possibly Corp. HASTINGS will know. Cregan says that he is the only YD man in the whole county, so he feels isolated.

From St. Johnsbury, Vt., comes a letter from CHARLES H. BROWNLON (M. G. Co., 103d Inf.). He states that ROMEO CURRIER is driving a taxi when he is not otherwise engaged. HUGH CLIFFORD is a salesman for the French & Bean Wholesale Grocery Co., and he has a new recruit for the next *guerre*. RALPH E. BEAN is working for the American Express Company. He is a Skipper in the National Guard. CLYDE CHROTTE is learning storage battery care and ignition in the Corner Garage.

POP KANN (104th Inf., M. D.) wishes for some of the old bunch to communicate with him. His address is 339 E. 69th St., New York City, and if his buddies will get in touch with him when they go to the big city he will assure them of a good time and a bed.

NATE GOLDSTEIN (Goldie) (Hq. 101st Inf.) has been at the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington for the past year. He is in Ward 53 and would like to hear from his comrades.

FRANK HASTINGS YOUNG (Co. B, 104th Inf.) who was blinded by a powder explosion and who trained at Evergreen is now convalescent at the Johns Hopkins Hospital.

THE RECENT promotion to Captain, commanding the Howitzer Company, 181st Inf., Mass. N. G., of CHARLES E. HAYES, settled the question as to whether he or his brother, LEON H. HAYES, should receive the command. Both served overseas with B Battery, 102d F. A. Before the war, their father and an older brother served as captain of the Battery. Another younger brother is at present a sergeant in the company.

SIGNAL CORPS SIGNALS

From Waukegan, Illinois, comes a letter from REX S. WEAKLY, who is an electrician and at present is working for the Public Service Company of Northern Illinois. Rex is to be married in October. His address is 419 S. Utica Street, and he sends his best regards to all his buddies.

JIM STINSON, of Newark, sends greetings to the bunch.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. TED HARRIS upon the birth of a son April 8 in Springfield, Clifford Hammond Harris Jr., weight 8½ pounds.

Congratulations also to Mr. and Mrs. GUS LOFBERG, whose daughter now has a little brother to take care of. He arrived April 12, weight, 8 lbs. 2 oz., and he has been named Robert Donald. Gus looked fine the day I saw him.

It never rains but it pours. On March 18, there were two additions to our Junior Signal Corps. A daughter, Antoinette Culler, 9 lbs. was born to Mr. and Mrs. HAROLD SMITH, and a son, Joseph Anthony Jr., 8 lbs., was born to Mr. and Mrs. JOSEPH MULKERIN.

Late news to be sure, but the 8th of last October, Mr. and Mrs. CHET NORRIS became the parents of a daughter, Mary A. Norris.

In the newly organized 26th Tank Company, JACK DOWNING and HAROLD SMITH have been commissioned 2nd Lieutenants.

WALTER WHITE has lately been admitted to the Massachusetts Bar and is now employed by the Boston Chamber of Commerce as Assistant Secretary.

I have just learned that JOE BRACKETT'S "Joe's Lunch" in Kittery was destroyed by fire in February.

The middle of April, I was agreeably surprised by a call from PERCY WALKER, who was in Massachusetts for a few days. PERCY is married and is now "sittin' pretty" in Montreal where he is in the jewelry business. His address is 227 McGill Street.

A little while ago, I had a letter from A. W. "LON" HAUSER, whose address is 1024 Brushton Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., where he lives with his "femme" and 18 month's old girl. After Lon, or "FAT" as some of you knew him, got out of the army, he dropped to 175 lbs. but is now up to 220 again. Once in a while he sees RUSS MITCHELL and a short time ago, he had a call from CLEM SMITH. Occasionally Hauser sees long slim McLAUGHLIN and MURPHY of Johnstown.

Our attention has been called at this time of the year to "Antietam" or "Les Bains," the little cottage—The Hermitage—on the clearing in La Reine woods upon the Toul Front, or as some called it, "The Rest Area." It was a long walk to mess through the mess of mud, and just as the old French lady whose husband was the "Garde du Lac et du Foret and everything else" agreed to do the cooking, the mud dried up and then life at Les-Bains was a grand and glorious feeling. 'Member the pies SIMPSON used to bring back from the "Sal" and the goodies that "Mysterious" SMITH and PORKY FLYNN brought from Ansauville? Because of being haunted by stories of "swell eats" BILL BRADY decided to accept the invitation and what he had was Boiled Beans—but it sounded good in French.

It was on May 2, 1918, that some of us got a thrill one evening in Boucq. We saw a man dressed in civilian clothes! A Frenchman? No, he was speaking our language! An Englishman, no doubt, but we went up and found him to be an American—JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE, who was dining that evening with the General and who took addresses and 'phone numbers of our relatives whom he would call, upon his return to Boston—and he did call too. On May 4—you who were in Boucq will remember this morning— the new major got down on the street (where the barn, kitchen and wagons were) at 6 o'clock and patrolled it until 6.45. He seemed to be making observations, snooping around back of wagons and in doorways—I won't write what the fellows said. May 23 was the day that Elsie Janis entertained us and the following day she and "Mamma" had dinner with General Altman on the chateau lawn. On the night of May 30, I sat on the hill back of Boucq where I had a wonderful view of that "million dollar barrage." During this month our food consisted mainly of hash and "goldfish."

—G.W. T.

Back Through Old Sectors (IV)

By Lyman B. Cozzens

Few of us will remember the town of St. Mihiel except as a name. We had little occasion to go to it, but we remember our positions outside and the ground where the famous battle was fought.

My train landed me in the town and after a very satisfactory but Frenchy meal, the proprietor for 150 francs drove me over the territory, Vaux, St. Remy and the place we called Pi Park. Here I asked him to wait till I found my dugout, the big cement one that was built by the Germans. I knew it was not far from the road and intended to find it if I tore my clothes off.

It was difficult. The little bridges across the trenches were all gone and the trenches clogged with rusty barbed wire which prevented getting any footing.

In some way I did get to it, and as usual, wished I had not. All dark and slimy and damp from lack of sun and the door sagging on one broken hinge, I recognized it but could not bring up any imagination of ever having lived happily in the place.

Rupt-en-Woerve and Ranziers. Where were all the fellows? Everything looked so forlorn and deserted without them.

No Man's Land was covered with wheat, and although it rubbed out what I went over to see, I was glad. At least it was cheerful. The trenches were gone, of course, but I would like to have seen the large dugout off the main trench where I was sent to report to Company E.

I shut my eyes and saw it as I did that memorable morning, littered with the refuse of hours of waiting. Cigarette butts, pistols, cartridges; smoke filled the place and a lot of officers sat around in various attitudes of unrest. The Colonel who said, "Send a detail to cut the enemy's wire and another to cut our wire," then looking at his wrist watch, "Let's go." The hell that followed. There was nothing but the waving grain to answer me now.

It was different at Toul. I arrived at night and was glad to choose a little hotel near the depot so as to get an early start in the morning.

A dainty little girl, named Mathilde, showed me to my room and by some queer oversight,—I can't understand how it happened,—I never noticed until next morning that she had brown eyes. Of course it's nothing to me. I don't care what color a girl's eyes are.

She waited on me at breakfast and laughed at me every time I said anything. I have no doubt that my French would make anybody laugh, but she carried it to the limit.

Some way it took me a long time to eat—longer than usual—so I decided to take the later train and proceeded to order "Plus petit pain et miel." And that sent her off into fresh spasms. I never saw a thing funny. But she had brown eyes and they twinkled when she laughed, rather pleasantly, I thought.

So I left my bags there while I went to the scenes of our wartime activities. What Mathilde called a taxi came and took me to Boucq and Leonval Woods. As the barracks are all removed it was rather hard to locate our old position in the woods, but I said to the chauffeur, "If there is a little house a little farther down the road, then we are at the right place."

Sure enough we found the house and Madam Petitmangin ran out to welcome me with beaming countenance. She said her sons had seen me when we were digging our machine out of a ditch we had fallen into and had run home to tell her that "the man who used to go there for milk was coming." The boys had said nothing to me and as they had grown five years older I had failed to recognize them.

We had a most pleasant visit and then went on to Menil-la-Tour where I discharged my taxi and went by train to Bernecourt which was as near as I could get to the place I wanted to see.

I had a long walk to Ansauville and then to Hammonville. Those simple folk always got excited when they saw me come into town with my camera over my shoulder. They would come out of their houses and stand in groups to discuss "L'Americain" till I rapped on some door and asked to see the place where I lived during the war. Then the news spread around and there was a real celebration. They all wanted their pictures taken and wanted me to send them one. I tried to take a picture of the barn where B Company held the minstrel show under shellfire, but a buxom dame got in front of me and hid most of the barn.

The little church is in process of repair and will soon be finished. The town is mostly rebuilt and the people back again living their old time life.

Mandres is far from order. The rows of houses are still in the huge heaps that we left. The destruction was so great the task of rebuilding looks most hopeless. Mountains of rock and plaster will have to be cleared away before any building can be started.

The B Company pill box just outside the town is there for keeps. When I passed it I noticed a long crack through the top. I thought to myself, "I will have a good time with the Sergeant who had charge of the building of that, telling him it is falling to pieces," until I found that the people in the town, wishing to get it out of the way, had gathered all the shells they could find and placed them inside with a bonfire. All they succeeded in doing was making a crack.

As I walked on, it was a pleasant surprise to see Beaumont up on the skyline. Not the rows of ruined walls and the church tower that had been hit so many times, but rows of bright red new roofs. The old chateau which housed the army is being reconstructed. The part that the Y. M. C. A. used is all finished, but the company office and dispensary have been pulled down and cleared away for new buildings.

It started to rain and the night was coming on. I looked for a place to stay for the night. Nobody in the town would take me in. I even appealed to the Maire but to no avail. All persisted in directing me to the cafe in Mandres. "But it is raining hard and it is dark." I might as well have saved my words.

Here was Beaumont that I loved, where A Company had received me with a royal welcome, where the cooks handed out the best meal that could be had, where they had sent us a hot meal when we were working on the trenches in Jury Wood. Does anybody remember that meal? A most inviting repast, hot corned beef hash on large slices of bread, and bacon. And there were fried onions reposing deliciously on a piece of burlap. There were boxing matches at night.

Or I could go out back of the Chateau and sit on the terrace overlooking the broad valley to Toul, watching the shells landing far below and throwing up heaps of earth. That was in June, full of poppies and daisies. This Beaumont had turned me out in the rain.

So to the cafe at Mandres I hiked. Here a good supper was set before me and I was shown to bed by an old woman. I don't know what color eyes she had. I forgot to look.

In the morning I walked to Fliry, an old man with a wagon picking me up on the last half of the way. There I found that I had just missed a train to Toul and it would be four hours before the next.

That didn't bother me at all. I just started to walk, daring to believe I would be picked up somewhere along the road. I had to walk several kilometers before anyone did come along, but I hailed him.

He stopped, rather surprised, to see what I wanted. He didn't know anything about my roughneck trick, but I got in before he could decide anything and we went into Toul beating the train that I had missed.

And there was Mathilde waiting for me, brown eyes and all, waiting to take my order. I wondered what I could eat. Whatever I said I knew she would laugh.

I would have given my diminishing bankroll for a drink of water. If I drank water it made me sick and if I drank wine my head started to swim. I tried beer, too, but it had the same effect. I'll never make a good Frenchman. All they eat in the small towns seems to be veal and string beans. I hate veal and I have had so many string beans that I am ashamed to look one in the face. And bad coffee.

I had no excuse to stay in Toul any longer so picked up my bags and went for my train. When I said goodbye to Mathilde,—but that hasn't anything to do with this story.

I was off for Neufchateau. I was through with devastated France and glad of it, as I was tired of the rubbish. I wanted to see people living naturally as they have been living in peace and contentment for hundreds of years.

(To be continued.)

BOSTON CLUB ACTIVITIES

COL. G. M. KING, formerly Assistant Divisional Adjutant, has been appointed Chairman of the Entertainment Committee of the Boston Club. Mr. King is planning to make this an active committee, and promises to do his best to have something going on that will be of interest to all members of the Club.

On April 12, the YD Bowling League wound up its season with a banquet at Louis' Cafe, at which time and place cups were presented to the following: GEORGE WHITE, high average; VIC BECKETT, second high average; GEORGE EMERY, high single string; PHIL SOUSA, high three-string total. Team No. 1 finished the season in the pennant position. HAROLD PAGE and AL DAY acted as masters of ceremonies, and the thirty or more present enjoyed a mighty fine and lively evening.

The monthly smoker of the Boston Club was held on Thursday, May 8. The speaker, Mr. E. B. Dallin, research engineer of the Acme Apparatus Company, explained some of the mysteries of radio, and answered many questions asked him by the fans present.

As announced in last month's DOINGS, WNAC, The Shepard Stores of Boston, broadcast a YD Club program on the evening of April 23. Many cards have been received from points near and remote, expressing appreciation of the event. The *Boston Herald* next morning said: "Did you hear that Yankee Division Band? That was the sort of stuff that made us enlist."

PEA SOUP PATTER

Sain Alban Vairmont

Dere fren bil,

Bi gar she ben long tam sens i rite u letair but i don hev much tam i ben ver bisi? we hev lots sno down in dis nek uv de wud al wintair. i ben du lots huntin dis yere. Georges Francois shes ben down here huntin wid me wun da me an Georges go huntin bout tu-tree clok in de mornin we tuk tree bottle scotch an a little grub. after we drink de scotch we see sum ver funee birds and one bird she be six fit kross de wings and way nineten pound and she fly backward so de dust wont get in hes i. anuda bird he sumting like partridge only different and he lay square egg so day kan be pack in box esy. bi gar bil i don no ware dese birds go we don seen dem sins. bil i gut fin invenshun it be a burgler alarm for a watch. de skeme is fix de pin on de watch an wen eny wun tri tu steel de watch frum u pocket de pin she stick in u! if you kan sel sum of dese alarm let me no. i gut de skeme frum jock malone u no shes be in de julry bisnes. he ses he likes de spring wen everyting be green bi darn i tink he be tinkin of hes watches. u no wun taim i bi watch frum him for tree dollair she tole me she be solid gold and have tweny five pigun blud stones and she go ver gud. bi gar she go gud alrite she go so fas dere ain no wach in town kan keep up wid her. i spen seveny five sents for brass polish for wun munt tu mak her luk gud and den she turn green. i trade her tu Georges Francois for tree razor blades and i tink he gut stuk. Wel bil i gut to klose dis leter now kus i gut to go tu de meetin tunite of de home brewer assassinashun so if i don see u agen helo. i am u fren til niagara falls.

—PETE BOUCHARD.

TAPS

CHARLES H. MOULTON, formerly of Battery B, 103d F. A., died on April 14, 1924. Mr. Moulton was with the Class Journal Company, New York City, and gave as his home address, 150 West 104th St., New York City.

Come More Dues—Come More News

From Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y., A. H. PLYMPTON (101st F. A.) sends in his dues for *five years*. "I would consider DOINGS a good buy at five dollars a year, and I rank it high among the national magazines. Hope all the YD fellows appreciate it as I do. More power to the Y.D.V.A. and to YANKEE DOINGS."

J. J. GRIFFIN (101st Inf.) writes from Pittsburgh: "'No dues, no DOINGS' might be interpreted as 'Some dues, some DOINGS', so here's my jack. Send me two Y.D.V.A. lapel buttons. Why two? Well, I happen to be the proud possessor of two suits. Would like to see a few G Company entries in the 101st Infantry Items. Excuse the paper; it's the only material available, and the check must go." Well the paper referred to is a "Warehouseman's Bond, Internal Revenue Bureau" with an "N. G." written across it. Don't know whether we'll excuse the paper or not.

Says WILLIAM A. ALLEN, So. Manchester, Conn., "Fact that I'm a trifle late isn't due to lack of appreciation for the Club and DOINGS. They are the things that keep fresh the memories of the Tour Abroad. Remember the kids at Brest singing 'Hail, hail, the gang's all here,' with General Hale along and appreciating fully the double meaning of the words? You don't hear often from the boys in this vicinity, but they are on the map and want to be remembered to the Division Headquarters bunch. Tell Bill SnYDer to pass along word that Sonny, Duke Wilkie, Jack Grimshaw and myself send best regards. Sorry to read in DOINGS that Major Pendleton is in the hospital, and hope it is nothing serious."

CLYDE F. HANNANT proclaims his appreciation for DOINGS from Greenville, N. H.

CHAPLAIN GEORGE F. JONAITIS writes from the Providence Hospital, Detroit, where he has been confined for the past few months: "Always count me one of your comrades. I would like to hear from any YD boys in Detroit, and as soon as my arm gets well I hope to drop around and see you. Kindly remember me to all the boys."

This month's Marathon prize goes to KARL STANDISH (101st F. A.) now located at Puerto Barrios, Guatemala. "I have missed DOINGS a lot since leaving Washington. If there are spare copies of issues for the past six months, I will send draft for whatever charge is necessary—I could never pay what they are worth. I am with the United Fruit Company, and YES, we have plenty here. We haven't had a revolution closer than five miles since I've been here."

L. M. DAMON (102d F. A.), Buckfield, Maine, says it with poetry. "The gladdest words to me, by heck, are just these three: Enclosed find check."

MAX HENRY MILLER, State Line, Mass., makes this confession: "I wouldn't drop the Club for anything; and besides, even if I did want to, my wife wouldn't let me."

Writes CHARLES T. MURDOCK from Providence: "It was worth the price of admission to discover in the 'YD Business Directory' the name and address of Bill Mulhall, my old side kick. Last time I saw the sunofagun he was riding by on a machine gun cart, and seeing me in an infantry column, gave me the grand razz. I've been looking for him ever since. We've just had a reunion by correspondence."

JOSEPH E. VAUGHAN (104th Inf.) writes from Waelder, Texas, that the April issue was, in his opinion, the best yet. "If we would all take the trouble to report the interesting things that come to our attention, the world would know that the YD is a live organization."

J. GUY RICHARDSON, Wheeling, W. Va., sings in a sweet voice: "The privilege of membership in the Y.D.V.A. is worth more than a dollar a year to me, and so I am enclosing a check for five."

CHARLES F. HEATH, Big Creek, Calif., cites another case of YD co-operation. Going into the employment office of the Southern California Edison Company, he chanced upon a former 101st Infantry man named Loring, through whose help he got his present position.

Says PHILIP F. JOHNSON (101st Inf.) of Cleveland, Ohio, "The pleasure I get from YANKEE DOINGS is well worth the little I pay for dues. Here's wishing the biggest and best year yet."

JOHN R. BOOTH writes from Haverhill: "Got a none too gentle reminder today from friend wife that my YD dues hadn't been paid. The only fault I have to find with DOINGS is that it is worn dog-eared before it gets around to poor me. Best wishes to Fuller P. Nard and the others who are making it a success."

YD AUXILIARY

Notwithstanding inclement weather, the bridge party of April 8 was a great social and financial success.

The regular monthly business meeting was held on April 9. During the social hour Mrs. Herbert Davis sang very charmingly a group of songs, accompanied by Mrs. Alfred Lang.

On April 4, the Executive Committee meeting took place.

The monthly sewing meeting was held on April 23d, after which tea was served.

The final dance of the successful series held at the Clubhouse during the past winter took place Saturday evening, May 3. Committee: Mrs. F. S. Coburn, chairman, Mrs. Albert Sutcliffe, Mrs. Robert G. Campbell, Mrs. Alfred H. Lang, Miss Marion Mulhall, Mrs. Chas. T. Randell, Mrs. Catherine Sullivan, Mrs. Arthur T. Buswell, Mrs. Alice Ferguson, Mrs. Anna L. McKenna, Miss Marjorie Plunkett, Mrs. C. C. Rogers, Mrs. W. A. Thompson, and Mrs. Alice M. Woodworth.

On May 21, at 2.00 P.M., there will be a whist party at the Clubhouse. Tickets at 50 cents each may be obtained from Mrs. C. A. Mulhall, 66 Astoria St., Mattapan, or Mrs. Annie Kelley, 7 Sagamore St., Dorchester.

The regular monthly sewing meeting will be held on May 28. Tea will be served.

—L. H. T.

101st INFANTRY ITEMS

When it comes to "sticking together," we will have to hand it to A Company, whose members have banded together under the name of the McConnell Associates. They have been holding meetings regularly since the discharge of the Company from Federal service in 1919. On May 7, an enjoyable party was held at Riverbank Court in Cambridge, which was well attended by the boys and their girls, wives, and friends.

The officers of the Association are: president, ANDREW BARNARD; treasurer, LEONARD A. HEARN; secretary, PATRICK DONAHUE. The boys believe that in "carrying on" as they are, they are fulfilling the wishes of their gallant "Captain Joe" who was killed while leading the 1st Battalion at Chateau-Thierry.

"TOM" HENNESSEY, of Lynn, stole a march on his friends last month. He couldn't wait for the scheduled date of his marriage to Miss Anna M. Gaudreau, of 161 Allen Ave., Lynn, so, with the assistance of the patron saint of all sweethearts, "Dan" Cupid, he played a daylight-saving trick of twenty-four hours on assembled guests. After a honeymoon trip this month, Mr. and Mrs Hennessey will make their home at 113 Jefferson St., Lynn.

"TED" MARTIN, of K Company, is employed in the claims division of the Veterans' Bureau at 600 Washington Street. He reports that he and his little family in Rockland are doing well.

JAMES C. BYRON, formerly a sergeant of M Company, and better known as "Lord Byron," is now captain of F Company, 181st Infantry, Mass. N. G., of Hudson. Although a little more dignified than in the old days, he still retains much of that debonair manner which, together with his name, won him the appellation of "Lord."

LAWRENCE KIBBY, of K Company, is now established in business in Portland, Me. Seven years of experience in the woolen and custom clothing business have won him a clientele and a knowledge of goods which he hopes to find of benefit to him in his new undertaking. Good luck, Lawrence!

The inimitable "JOE" COHEN, of AWOL fame, has forever abandoned his happy-go-lucky ways, and taken unto himself a wife. During the day he sells shoes at the Traveler Store on Washington Street. There surely must be something in this "love business" that we hear so much about, if it will get a fellow like "Joe." We thought he was immune from any heart contagion.

Captain RALPH ("HOPPY") HOPKINS, of Headquarters Company, and later of the Army of Occupation on the Rhine, was seen on Huntington Avenue the other day. He is residing temporarily on Massachusetts Avenue near Huntington.

"BILL" CARROLL HATTON is connected with the well-known real estate firm of Meredith & Grew, at 40 Central Street.

Don't forget the regular "third-Tuesday" luncheon at the Boston City Club, which falls on the 20th this month. One o'clock is the time, one dollar, the price, and the City Club the place. No speeches. This applies to all you fellows who are working or visiting in Boston on THE 20TH.

STRENGTH OF ADVERTISING

History Prof.—"And when Lord Chesterfield saw that death was near he gathered all his friends around him. But before he breathed his last, he uttered those last immortal words. Who can tell me what the dying words of Lord Chesterfield were?"

Class (in chorus)—"They satisfy!"

BRIDGEPORT X. Y. D.'s

By Dick Barlow

My "Babe Ruth" made a home run last week. You know she was up in the hospital for six weeks suffering with pneumonia—I guess that's how you spell it.

Fred Williams, Jr., aged three months, is coming along fine, and Freddie, Sr., states that in about another month he will have him so he can turn a Ford around on a dime like he used to on meeting an M. P.

GEORGE OPPENHEIMER has returned from Chicago and has taken a position at the Locomobile plant.

BENJAMIN WYRTZEN, having finished his vocational training as an expert accountant, has taken a position with the Barrett Roofing Company of New York City. Ben still commutes to Bridgeport.

The engagement of Sergeant ARTHUR LEVASSEUR to Miss Clara Conroy has been recently announced. Mr. Levasseur is at present a tenor soloist in one of the large churches in New York City.

Just between you and me, men, them birds up in the Boston office thought I wasn't going to pay up my dues on time and they would have an excuse for not printing my stuff. That's why they did not print anything from our town last month. But I fooled 'em by paying up. You can bet I did not want any of Wally's Dooserdo Birds chasing me. Speaking of birds chasing you, since I have been working for the Humane Society we have destroyed so many horses that there is a flock of crows watch for us to start out in the morning.

Lieut. CHARLES WILKERSON, who is a druggist for the Riker Drug Co., and has been suffering for the past two weeks from an attack of rheumatism, is somewhat improved.

—SAME OLD DICK.

The Annual Memorial Service of the 101st Engineers, A. E. F., will be held Sunday, May 25, at 3 o'clock, at the Cadet Armory, Columbus Avenue.

This service, in memory of the members of the Regiment killed in the World War, will be held under the auspices of the 101st Engineers' Welfare Association.

Rev. Sidney Lovett of Mt. Vernon Church, Beacon Street, will deliver the memorial address. Music by a ladies' sextette. All members of the Regiment, relatives and friends are invited to attend.

ENGINEER ENTRIES

The fifth annual open house held by the Welfare Association took place on April 5 at the Cadet Armory. In all ways it was the most successful of them all. Tables were arranged in such a way that each company could have its own get-together and fight the war over between mouthfuls of ice cream and cake. From appearances, more men showed up than in any previous year. Each man registering at the door received a leather key holder on which was printed, "5th Reunion, 101st U. S. Engineers. Given by the Welfare Association, April 5th, 1924." This annual affair is looked forward to as one of the red letter days of the year, and the Welfare Association deserves a great deal of credit for making them the splendid successes they are.

HEADLINES OF HEADQUARTERS

FRANK DE BOEY, who used to pilot the Colonel's Cadillac around, is now in the painting business in Malden.

BLAHS OF THE BAND

JOHN BUZZELL was recently married to the "onliest girl" and they are living in Allston.

ANTICS OF "A"

FENLEY BEELER is now with the Franklin Rubber Company at 134 Federal St., Boston.

PUDDIE GAHAN has been married for some time and is Supervisor of Schools at Andover, Mass.

LEANDER CASWELL is Brown-Durrell's crackerjack salesman, and says he comes back with more pep after each trip.

HARRY L. DODGE is married and living in Providence.

BUZZINGS OF "B"

VERNON HITCHINS has been elected President of his Class at Northeastern College de Nuit. Good Nuit! No wonder DOINGS hasn't had many Buzzings lately.

The birth record department is doing a rushing business in this issue. "SPENCE" ROSS is now the proud father of little Joan, born February 23, 1924. "MERT" GASSETT duplicated his good work when Howard Gassett saw the light of day on March 25, 1924. Marie Louise Good was born to our good old "Sarge," ART GOOD, on April 3, 1924. "BILL" WELLS, they tell us, is travelling for some concern in the Salem District. Don't be a stranger, "Bill." Drop around.

"ART" DESMOND is knocking out teeth up in Clinton. Literally and as a business.

"RADO" McREOWN is sliding right along in the soap business. "Rado's" motto always was "Come clean."

"MINNIE" FRYE'S wife let him out for a few hours at the last reunion of the 1st Corps. Come again, "Minnie," and bring your wife.

"EDDIE CLEVELAND" is working down town with an investment house. "Eddie" always looked too good for the shoe business.

"JIM" COFFIN is selling fire extinguishers. Don't let "Duke" Gaskill know about it, Jim.

"AL" NICKERSON is out in Chicago where he is putting to valuable usage information gleaned while in the Engineers. "Nick" is an inventor, they tell us.

"HERB" MEURLING is *selling* shoes now instead of issuing them according to your number. "Herb" knows the ins and outs of shoes. Mostly outs, eh Herb?

What's the matter with your hand, "AK"?

Let's hear the news from Portland.

D. W. BELLOWS

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CAPERS OF "C"

Some of the men of the old Company have felt that the old crowd ought to get together more often than they do, and that there should be some organization whereby we could keep track of one another. The matter was discussed at the Reunion on April 3d, with the result that we have reserved a room at the YD Club in Boston for a "C" Smoker for Friday night, May 23d. We hope that every man who is within striking distance of Boston will be on hand. If we are ever going to get an organization together, now is the time.

Remember the time: Friday, May 23d, 7.30 P.M.—the place: YD Club, Boston.

The Committee is very anxious to check up on the address of every man of the Company. Will each man take it upon himself to send a postal giving any change of address either of himself or some other man, to Charles W. Harris, 44 State St., Boston, Mass.

DOINGS OF "D"

BOB YOUNG returned to his job the last part of April after an operation for appendicitis.

JOSEPH H. YOULDEN is passing these days nailing down jobs for the contracting business.

SMILING JOE MAYNE is selling steel for the building trade.

EDWARD F. WALKER has been given his transfer to the reserve list and is now out of active duty with the First Corps Cadets. His first enlistment was May, 1911.

JOHN COOLIDGE is now with the Guarantee Trust Company, Sears Building, Boston, and wishes some of the old crowd would run in and see him.

Mr. and Mrs. HOWARD C. BABCOCK recently announced the arrival of a child. "Rise and Shine" will have to rise at 10 P.M., 2 A.M., and 6 A.M. from now on. Congratulations, Bab!

D Company made a fine showing at the reunion April 5, and those who did not come lost a most enjoyable time. Believe us, it certainly was great to see and talk with so many of the old crowd again.

H. E. HOWARD was in Boston a few days ago and looked like a millionaire.

SHORTY MORRIS attended the opening baseball games, and we bet he is the fattest fan in the regiment.

The Warren crowd had better get a hustle on after their threat to give us a blow-out this summer. Already letters are coming in to the Editor inquiring about it.

ECHOES OF "E"

"E CO. ECHOES," the great little paper that E Company gets out, and from which this column is gleaned each month, comes to hand. Sad to state, it is skidding; for the first time since it commenced publication the illustrious name of OKIE O'CONNOR fails to appear.

CLARENCE KIMBALL is travelling for the International Salt Company of New York, with Maine as his territory. He sees HARMON, GRAFFAM, and SARGENT quite often.

BUFFUM is Office Manager of Waldo Bros. & Bond, of Boston.

The April Smoker of the Boston Club was a success through the kind co-operation of MATTY, who was instrumental in getting Mr. McGill of Babson's as the speaker of the evening.

ART DUDLEY is still Auditor of the Town of Wayland, while FRANK MacKENNA holds down the job of Treasurer of the same burg. Wonder why METCALF isn't Chief of Police or something?

Don't forget to make plans for the E and F party the last of May. The 28th comes in the middle of the week so the celebration will be held on Saturday, the 24th.

FANCIES OF "F"

By official count, thirty-nine F Company men were present at the reunion at the Armory on April 5. Can the rest of the companies beat that? HOD PIERCE moved that the Colonel be asked to deliver a speech, but upon being put to a vote, the motion was unanimously defeated. RALPH TAYLOR helped to make the evening a success for a chosen few, after his attention had been distracted from the charms displayed on the sidelines. ELMER CASEY showed up late to chow,—yes, really; but was the gainer in the long run as everyone else had finished and Elmer corralled all the plates of cake on the table and was still going strong when last seen. This needs a word of explanation.—DIKE was not present.

LEO BEAUMONT, one of the fellows who hasn't been seen for some time, showed up. He is married, has a daughter a year and a half old, and is living down Quincy way. He reported that CARROLL and MALCOLM CROSBY are both married and that Carroll has a son.

MATTY HOWARD was looking for someone to receive his YD Club dues. This will remind him, if he is still looking, that the pot is still open.

CY MERRIAM has resigned as instructor in Mechanical Engineering at Worcester Polytechnic Institute to take a position with the Pennsylvania Water and Power Company at their Baltimore office.

Received a line from FRANCIS MAHONEY who is in the hospital at Fort Bayard, New Mexico. Frank writes that he is getting along well and hopes to be around in a year or so. We all echo that. He says in part, "Pop Palmstrom is not slipping a bit in his cartoons and, according to reports, his family batting average is high. Good luck to him."

All F Company men are sorry to hear that ARTHUR MAHONEY recently lost his mother.

In every way F Company is more active today than at any time since we were discharged. TOP KICK REDFIELD has what is believed to be the best and most up-to-date card index of the present addresses of the men of any company in the Division. The Company Book is undergoing its final revision, and say, take a little tip,—you ought to see the sketches PHIL PALMSTROM is making for it! The E and F Companies' party is scheduled for May 24th, and from all indications it will beat anything held yet. Plan to come if you have to bust a leg or a bank.

MEMOS OF THE MEDICOS

CAPTAIN HAROLD J. CONNOR has a thriving practice in Concord, N. H. Doc always had that, even in the C.C. and iodine days.

BOB MILLER made his appearance with his wife at the Armory on April 5 after being A.W.O.L. for a long time.

HAPPY TOWNSEND has left Brunswick, Maine, and is working for an electrical concern in Claremont, N. H.

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FLICKERS FROM THE 104th

104th INFANTRY REUNION

"BEST EVER" is a phrase much overworked in describing 104th Reunions, but Holyoke earned it this year beyond a shadow of doubt. Beginning with the Company dinner of Friday evening, April 25, things hummed until long after midnight Saturday.

Arrangements were in charge of a live committee headed by Major E. J. Slate, and on all sides there was evidence of the most thorough preparation and of the closest co-operation by the citizens and various organizations of Holyoke.

At the business meeting held Saturday morning in the City Hall, Pittsfield was chosen as the Convention City for 1925. The following officers were elected: Honorary commander, B. FRANK CHEATHAM; commander, STUART A. RUSSELL; senior vice-commander, THOMAS P. SHEA; junior vice-commander, THOMAS J. HAMMOND; treasurer, GEORGE A. ROBERTS.

The parade, held in the afternoon, was the largest and most colorful yet held. In addition to the 104th Veterans, it included the 104th Infantry, Mass. N. G., and many veteran, patriotic and civic organizations. The prize of $20 for the unit having the largest number in line went to Company F, and a similar prize for the largest number of uniformed men in line was captured by Company L.

Some 850 men remained for the regimental banquet held Saturday night at the Hotel Nonotuck. The repast was excellent, the entertainment plentiful and the speaking program,—well, nothing just like it has ever been witnessed by the 104th. A proposal to place a boulder upon the grave of General Shelton (subject to the wishes of his widow) was adopted. A framed copy of the mural painting bill, quill attached, was presented to Commander Russell by Representative Merle D. Graves, sponsor for the bill. Mayor Cronin, for the citizens of Holyoke, presented to General A. F. Foote a testimonial to his distinguished military and civic service.

WORCESTER UNIT, 104th

The following officers have been elected by the Worcester Unit for 1924-1925: Commander, GEORGE POWERS; vice-commander, WILLIAM MOFFETT; adjutant, ALBERT RICHARDSON; finance officer, WARREN CHURCHILL; executive committee, ROY DUCHARME and GEORGE THOMSON.

The Company A Veterans Association has elected the following officers for the year: President, HERBERT E. BROWN; secretary, A. E. RICHARDSON; treasurer, ROY DUCHARME.

EDDIE NOYES (C Co.) is still banging the drums, just now with the Sirens' Orchestra, Philadelphia. How he does it, with General Butler on the job, beats us.

The Worcester Light Infantry held a banquet at the Boston Store, Worcester, April 23. The Governor, Mayor, and many other notables were among the invited guests. Announcement was made that the W. L. I. History is now off the press, and the first copy was presented to Sergt. M. V. BORGESON (C Co., 104th Inf.) as the award for winning the shoot last June.

Copies of the "History of the Worcester Light Infantry" may be obtained from George H. Thomson, 10 Wigwam Ave., Worcester. Price, $5.00.

Mr. and Mrs. JAMES R. ESTES (C Co.) of 2 Abbott Place, Worcester, announce a son, born April 22, 1924. Estes the Younger is, however, outranked by a son born to Mr. and Mrs. LEON D. JONES (C Co.) of 11 Sturges St., Worcester, April 3. No worry about C Company replacements.

BOSTON UNIT, 104th

A LARGE delegation was on hand to witness the signing by Governor Cox of the bill providing for a mural painting of the decoration of the 104th's colors, the executive signature being affixed on April 15. This marked the successful outcome of efforts extending over the past two years. "The Battle of Apremont is on again" laughed the Governor, as he entered the Executive Chamber and found it crowded to the doors with enthusiastic 104th men.

TOM MARLEY'S barbecue, held at the YD club of Boston, April 17, was the biggest event of the year for the Greater Boston Unit. The "barbecue," according to Hoyle, proved mainly bull, but was a bang-up good feed for two bits. Commander Gannon presided and introduced Merle D. Graves of Springfield, who spoke briefly upon the mural painting bill and upon citizenship. Mr. Graves was elected to honorary membership in the Unit. Mr. Walter Gilman Page gave interesting comment upon the artistic phases of the mural painting project. An excellent entertainment was provided. About eighty members attended, including a number from the North Shore towns.

NED HORNIBROOK (C Co.) writes from the Pacific Coast, sending his new address (P. O. Box 132, Santa Monica, Calif.) because he cannot bear the thought of missing YANKEE DOINGS. He says, "Business is very good out here, and the climate wonderful. But I do miss the old gang."

Even Fuller P. Nard took notice of the original RUSSELL A. HARMON-GLADYS McINTYRE HARMON twin boys. Russ drew to the pair, and announces another boy, April 25. We've grown a little rusty on poker, and leave it to daddy whether this constitutes three of a kind or a full house.

HITTING THE TRAIL

ART H. WHITEHEAD (Batt. E, 102 F.A.) writes from Worcester:

"In the last issue, Ralph Steninger of Waterloo, Iowa, says that there is never any news from the old outfit. We have sure slipped up, Ralph, but from now on watch close for news from the Best Outfit in the A. E. F. We are still sticking together as a veterans association, and were glad to hear from you."

BRISTOL DEDICATION

The YD Club of Bristol (Conn.), like some of its sister chapters, may doze now and then, but it doesn't go to sleep. YD stock took a big jump in Bristol on April 19, when the Ex-Service Men's Monument was dedicated. General Edwards was the guest of honor, and more than 12,000 men were in line in the parade. The Bristol Club is looking foreward to the biggest year yet. Hope they will appoint a regular correspondent to DOINGS.

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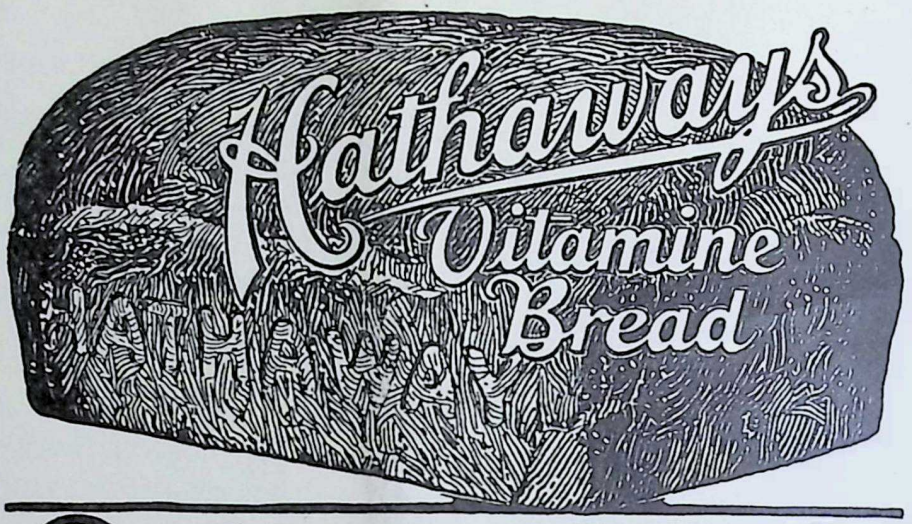

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